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is almost unsurpassed, but his figures are all characterized by this same feeling of chalkiness and entire lack of anything resembling human nature.

"King John's Oak," by Wm. H. Thwaites. An exceedingly careful rendering of an interesting subject; the gnarled and weather-beaten old tree is well and carefully painted and reflects great credit on the artist. Mr. Thwaites is an English water colorist who has located himself in New York, and his style is characterized by all the softness and grace of the English school. He has several pictures in the present exhibition, all of which are more or less meritorious, but space forbids that I should speak of them in detail.

"Study of Elms," by H. R. Newman. A strong contrast to the quiet color of Mr. Thwaites's, being hard and crude, and characterized by a disagreeable prevalence of raw green, which is extremely unpleasant. There is some good drawing in the picture, however, which barely save it from utter and entire condemnation.

"Opponent of the Excise Law," by A. Jones. Here is a picture which is a disgrace to the exhibition; coarse and vulgar in feeling, careless in execution, and is only noticeable from the attempt at wit conveyed in its catch title.

"Sea Shore," by Birket Foster. Another exquisite little picture from Mr. Foster's prolific pencil; sweet and tender in color and execution, and having in it some well drawn and characteristic figures.

"Head," by J. D. Linton. Not so good a picture as the gentleman's "Reverie," although a more popular one among artists and critics. The color is forced and unnatural, resembling more that of an over ripe peach than the human flesh, and far surpassed by Mrs. Murray's "Gipsy Queen," which is full of expression, humor and vivacity, and moreover admirable in color and execution.

"Study from Nature," by J. H. Hill. Just one of those loveable little works which we all have seen in our country rambles; good in execution, although in a rather unfinished condition, and almost faultless in drawing; the color is, perhaps, a little weak, but, for all this, the "Study from Nature" is a most charming picture.

"Group of Calves," by Harrison Weir. Everyone is familiar with Mr. Weir's great superiority as an animal painter, and the present picture, although not quite equal to some of the artist's other works, is still a fair specimen of his style, the calves are well drawn and expressive, but there is a smudginess of color in the picture which is not altogether agreeable.

This finishes the pictures in the water color room; as a whole it is a most admirable and creditable collection, and it is to be hoped that at the next exhibition of the National Academy the same space and honorable position will be assigned to this branch of art as at the exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society.

On Tuesday of last week, the Brooklyn Art Association threw open the doors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music for its seventh annual exhibition. Braving the dangers of the East River and the many hardships of its passage I made my way to the Brooklyn Academy of Music and found there a collection of very beautiful maidens and very indifferent pictures; in addition to this I found a

great scarcity of catalogues and was only able to discover the titles of the different works exhibited by referring to the catalogue of a complaisant Brooklynite. It would be well for the members of the Association were they to furnish these necessary articles, to the members of the press at least, as it is next to impossible to notice pictures unless you know their names and by whom they are painted. Let us hope that next year this fault will be remedied.

The collection, as a whole, is inferior to that of former years; many of the pictures being old ones which have been seen time and again in picture shops and private galleries, while others are but poor specimens of their respective artist's style and talent. One of the best pictures in the exhibition is "The Coming Storm," by Geo. Innes, which is good in composition and broad in treatment, while the lights are excellently managed; there is an air of smudginess in many places, however, which is far from agreeable.

"On the Alert," by Gilbert Barling, is a cleverly painted quail, full of life and spirit, while the landscape is full of atmosphere and strength.

Mr. Weir came very near to painting an exceedingly fine picture when he painted "Niagara"; the feeling of height and the rush and roar of water are admirably conveyed, and were it not for a lack of greys, which causes the picture to look untrue and forced in color, it would be a thoroughly excellent work.

Mr. Leutze's much praised "Lady Godiva" is among the collection and occupies a prominent position; it is a picture utterly unworthy of the gentleman's reputation, being bad both in drawing and color, while the subject is treated with an excess of prudery which renders it almost indecent from the evident trouble displayed to make it otherwise.

Mr. Jerome Thompson is at work on a large picture which is to be called the "Passing Shower." The subject is taken from the Green Mountains, and looking off from a ledge of high rocks we see spread beneath us the fertile valleys and mountain fastnesses of Vermont, while in the distance stretches the Catskill range towering above the peaceful waters of the Hudson. The idea of space and atmosphere is well conveyed, and the near foreground is well and carefully painted. When finished, this will be a really fine and imposing picture.

PALETTE.

LITERARY MATTERS.

"SARATOGA, AN INDIAN TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE." T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This is a clever novel of the rather sensational school; the language is good and at times quite powerful, while the descriptions of wood-life are well and truthfully given. The incidents narrated purport to have been handed down by tradition as veritable facts, and the principal personages introduced drawn from actual prototypes. For all artistic purposes, whatever might be true is true; and the book is presented to the public as a faithful picture of Saratoga in 1787.

"THE NATIONAL COOK BOOK." T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This is one of the best books on cookery that

has been issued from the press in some time; the receipts are written in a concise and simple manner, giving the housewife the required instructions in few words and short, pithy sentences, which enable her to arrive at the process of making a pudding or concocting a dish without having to wade through any unnecessary quantity of reading matter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 14, 1866.

ED. AMERICAN ART JOURNAL:

Knowing the deep interest you feel in musical matters throughout the country, I call attention to a musical event of no little importance to the music lovers of this "Queen City." I refer to the grand concert of the Harmonic Society of this city, which occurred last evening in Mozart Hall. I take the liberty of a stranger of remarking freely upon the performance: and, first, to the credit of the citizens, be it said, they appreciate this society, and, notwithstanding the attractions of many other first class entertainments, the house was well filled, long before the concert commenced, with the beauty and elite of the city.

The first and most important part of the concert consisted of selections from Costa's Oratorio, "Naaman," for the first time in this country. Of twenty-three numbers in the first part of the Oratorio, fourteen were given, and of twenty numbers in the second part, eleven were given. The incidents from which the Oratorio is drawn are contained in the second book of Kings, second, third, fourth and fifth chapters. Commencing with the translation of Elijah to Heaven, referring among other incidents to the miraculous extension of the cruse of oil, the restoration to life of the widow's son, and the healing of Naaman, and with the general rejoicings consequent on this event, the Oratorio closes.

The part of Elisha was sung by Mr. Edward Hermanson, who has a musical voice of good compass, with great power and flexibility. He sang with great taste and expression, thoroughly identifying himself with his part, especially in the songs "Arise, O! Lord," "Thy seed shall be prosperous," and "Lament not thus," he was remarkably good. The principal soprano solos were sung by Miss Virginia Smith, whose peculiarly pure, sweet voice has had the benefit of excellent training. The song, "Look up my son," was perhaps the most effective of all the solos.

The fresh sweet alto voice of Miss Heidesheimer told to advantage in the duet with Mr. Hermanson, "I sought the Lord." The alto solo, "I dream't I was in Heaven," received a careful conscientious rendering by Miss Mason, (niece of the Lowell Mason,) who sings with much feeling and appreciation. The tenor solos, by Mr. Robert Rogers and Mr. Pitton were very effectively given and elicited much applause. The quartette, "Honor and Glory," sung by Miss Jane Sullivan, Miss Abbie Mason and Messrs. Rogers and Hermanson, elicited the first encore of the evening.

The choruses, almost without exception, were splendidly given by one hundred and forty voices, supported by an amateur orchestra of thirty pieces.

By far the best of the choruses is the triumphant march, "With Sheathed Swords." The composition of the orchestra was as follows, viz.: 4 1st violins, 4 2d violins, 4 violas 3 cellos, 2 bass, 2 flutes, 1 oboe, 2 clarionettes, 2 horns, 2 trumpets, 2 trombones, 2 kettle drums. Prof. Carl Burns, Director.

The second part of the concert commenced with the first movement of Beethoven's first symphony in C—well performed.

Burns violin solo was brilliantly performed by Herr Eich, and called forth the second encore of the evening. Neither encore was responded to, owing to the length of the programme.

The rollicking overture to "Fra Diavolo" was given by the orchestra with fine effect. The time honored chorus from the "Creation," "The Heavens are Telling." Closed the performance, which, though quite long, was listened to by the audience with close attention to the end, though they were not very demonstrative, and were quite chary of their applause.

Great praise is due to Prof. Carl Burns, through whose untiring zeal the orchestra was, so to speak, created. The musical success of the Society is due in great measure to this talented and hard working musician. The orchestra has rehearsed with the Society for several weeks and before that time, Prof. Henry J. Smith, 2d Director and Pianist, gave valuable assistance in drilling the chorus.

The President of the Society, L. C. Hopkins, Esq., enters heart and soul into the work and compels success. His acts of munificence to the Society are without number. He is now building a beautiful little hall for the Society to rehearse in.

The Society numbers about 200 members, of the best material, socially and musically, and is accomplishing a good work in bringing to the appreciation of the public music, of a high order. They promise another concert early in December.

MUSIC IN HARTFORD, CONN.

The Beethoven Society gave their first concert of the season on the 13th inst. The programme consisted of the overture to "Massaniello," Fairy Chorus, from "Oberon," Polacca, from "Il Paritani," admirably sung by R. G. Hibbard, Cavatina, with chorus, from "Semiramide," Bel Raggio, the solo by Miss Ellen Miller, "L'Estasi," sung by Miss Campbell, Concert Waltz, "Perche non vieni," sung by Miss Emma J. Watson, the "Nightingale," (with horn obligato,) sung by Mrs. Francis, Quartette "Ecco quel fiero estanti," by Costa, "Over the Dark Blue Waters," from "Oberon," Cabaletta, from "Rigoletto," with a selection from Meyerbeer's "Dinora," Handel's "Comus," and gleanings from the most popular operas and composers of the day. In the first place, we must record our general approbation of the chorus singing of this society, upon this, as well as upon other occasions, the precision with which they take up their points, their nice attention to the *pianos* and *fortes*, all reflect very high credit upon themselves, and still higher praise upon Mr. J. G. Barnett, their leader, whose activity, zeal, patience, and untiring perseverance, in drilling them, have been most manifest. In the

jolly chorus from "Comus," they infused so much spirit and "fun" that, if it be true that a "merry jest draws a nail from our coffin," there must have been a great many extracted that evening.

The above named young ladies have very beautiful voices, their intonation is pure and correct, their appearance and manners are also very pleasing, and we have much pleasure in anticipating their future success, when experience shall have evidently been well instructed by Mr. Barnett both in the theory as well as the vocal branch of music. Of Mr. Patton's singing, the least said the better. The accompaniments for a small orchestra were composed and adapted by Mr. Barnett (with the exception of the overture,) and were very effective.

Performances like these, where the music selected is of so high a character, do much toward awakening in the place where they are given, a love for the good and beautiful in musical art, nay more, they not only awake a just appreciation of what is of that character, but they so form the taste for it, that music of an inferior character will not eventually be tolerated.

The next performance by this Society will be on Christmas night, when they will give Costa's splendid work, "Eli," with a grand orchestra, comprising some of the best musicians in the country, and first class singers from abroad for the solos. J. L.

For the American Art Journal. MUSICAL FORM.

If I except originality of inspiration, form in music is least indulged in by modern composers, is least appreciated by the public, and is the least studied or admired of any attribute of the Art. Especially does the remark apply to this country, where of all the forms of social froth manufactured, created and lived upon by a butterfly community, none is more frothy, empty and vain than the sheet music turned out daily by the printing presses of our publishing houses.

I would make this paper intelligible to others than musical artists, and must avoid indulging too deeply in the technicalities of art; therefore, in the first place, let us analyse the term "form" in music.

"How can music have 'form' which cannot be seen?" exclaims my reader. Just as it can have "color," or as a painting may have "tone," although a picture cannot be heard nor music seen. The question of musical form is a much deeper one than that of color, the latter being an acoustic, whereas the former is a purely harmonic condition.

A musical composition without form is comparable to, in truth, what our earth was before the creation, "void." It is void in a painful sense, unmeaning, puerile, with no object, no beginning, no end, no subject, no antiphon, no connection of thought, often no thought to connect, rapid, thin, without climax, without recurrence of theme, with no symmetry of construction, while as to its effect on repetition, this is usually the severest test of its innate weakness. Such music, however at first attractive to an uncultivated ear, soon palls, grows tiresome, cloyed, and becomes totally distasteful on intimate acquaintance.

I do not claim a consequent absence of these qualities in all music which possesses form, by any means, for there is also enough dull music from the pens of many dry scholiasts, but I do assert that for want of the intellectual settings of "form," many jewels of musical inspiration have been lost, and must continue obsolete in the musical vulgate of amateurs, for the reason that musical compositions are kept alive, not by the musicians (we speak now of symphonic works more especially), and musicians are never found so disrespectful to the great laws of their Art as to use their influence for the perpetuity of the *un-intellectual* in place of the *intellectual*. Isolated cases for gain or profit do not count. The usages and influence of the great societies of the world, and of the centres of cosmopolitan art-education are the true criterions for judgment.

Form is as essential to music as cohesion, grammar or syntax are to an oratorical composition. A newspaper read crosswise, or words copied indiscriminately from a dictionary, would be but a poor substitute for one of Webster's speeches or a novel of Thackeray. But to the musician, much of our modern music is quite as senseless and idiotic a jumble, notwithstanding the sad, and to our view actually criminal disrespect shown by many so-called musical critics whenever the subject of classical music is broached. How these blind barbarians can yawn in print over a symphony or quartet, because it was composed for *men* and not for animals, how they can attempt to turn the great wonder-fraught fugue into silly ridicule, because they are themselves far beneath its comprehension, how they can dare so irreverently to approach and assail the mighty ones who wrote not for this earth *earthly*, but for the more spiritually organised, has always been a sad and solemn mystery to me.

Mendelssohn wrote to Bunsen: "How strange that persons of frivolity feel no awe of a great name!" Carlyle asserts that "no surer proof of one's own littleness can be given than to show disrespect for great names." Yet these scribblers go on unchecked, sowing wherever they can the vile seeds of artistic vulgarity, which when they have taken root and sprung up, only bear such fruit as causes a popular apathy, if not actual repugnance towards any specimens of that noble school of music which not merely tickles the ear, but feeds the soul.

It is a great mistake to suppose that all music which possesses strict form must therefore be long and tedious. The great masters have given their most consummate proofs of power in some mere trifles. Witness the beauty of form—that is the repetition of a melody in a different key—in Beethoven's song "Adelaide." Yet this is only a fugitive composition. Take Handel's "Then round about the starry throne," one of the shortest of his choruses, and view the maddening symmetry of those few pages. Then again in Mendelssohn's little piano set, opus 16, it is a very *bagatelle* as to quantity, but yet a pure diamond of science in quality, concealed it may be to the careless listener, but a diamond hidden in rose-leaves notwithstanding.

Such cases might be multiplied indefinitely, but it would be useless. So common is the fallacious opinion that "classic form must necessitate dry-